

Roseburg News-Review

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The Bonus Bill Passed

BY a majority that is really amazing, when you think of it, our national congress rode over the veto of President Hoover on the bonus bill.

Why is congress so anxious to have this bonus bill become law? There is only one honest answer—votes. Congress voted and so spent a cool billion dollars. That was easy. They voted to spend such an enormous sum, most of them, probably not because they thought the money to be urgently needed by the veterans, but because congressmen have to be elected and re-elected and the veteran vote and veteran influence is a mighty big one.

The president vetoed the proposition and stated as his reason for so doing that the legislation is "unwise from the standpoint of the veterans themselves and unwise from the standpoint of all the people." Apparently the president applied his power of veto because he honestly believed that the legislation was bad. Did each congressman vote his convictions as honestly?

He is a fortunate veteran indeed who does not need money and who, therefore, will not be glad that the bonus measure has been passed. And yet is now the time that the money will do him the most good? The proposition had nothing to do with whether or not the money would be paid by the government—it referred only to whether it be paid now or in 1945. This writer leans toward the idea that many of those who THINK they need the money badly now may need it a whole lot worse in 1945. But be that as it may, as soon as the senate overrode the president's veto, the bill became a law. Each veteran who has an adjusted compensation certificate will now be able to borrow fifty percent of the face value thereof.

Financially the proposition is good for the country in that it will place a lot of money in circulation but bad for the country in that the sale of government securities necessary to finance the bonus payments it is said, will seriously depress the bond market.

This is written in the "city room" of a Portland newspaper. News of the death of a prominent citizen has just been telephoned to the city editor. Not the battle and confusion you might expect. The death was not unexpected. "Put a three line lead over that Mr. Blank illness story," the city editor said. In an ordinary talking case to the reporter who was "covering" the story, and so the passing of an important figure in northwest history becomes news. There is not the smashing drama in newspaper production that some movies and the talking movies attempt to feed the average newspaper reader to believe.

The annual snail run on the Sandy river is due soon, they say. If you were living in Portland now and relished a morsel of snail, you would grab a bird cage or a wicker basket or any other thing, fasten it on a short pole and go out and scoop up what you thought you needed. That is the way they catch fish on the Sandy river.

Real estate operators should give attention to this one: An entire town in central Oregon is for sale for \$100. Contralto, otherwise known as Deschutes, will be put on the market by the county court of Deschutes county, a news item states. Sounds like a bargain—even a hum town ought to be worth \$100.

Lenten Devotions

REV. FRANK CUNNINGHAM
First Christian Church

Matt. 23:16-20—"And Jesus came to them and spoke unto them, saying, 'All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

REDEMPTION—THE COMMISSION
We have noted that God has provided, through the death of His Son on the cross, a way whereby man may be redeemed from his sins. Now the important thing is that man shall come to know of this redemption, and turn to Him and be saved. And herein we find the work of the redeemed—to preach the gospel of redeeming love.

In our text, Christ was speaking directly to the apostles. He was authorizing them, by virtue of His own supreme authority, to be His spokesmen, when He had gone to heaven and the Holy Spirit had come to take His place. In the New Testament, we have the teaching of Christ and these spirit-filled men; so it is our source of information and authority as we seek to carry out the great commission.

Two things in the above text should be noted: Christ's authority is supreme. Therefore His word and the word of those who taught "Whatsoever He commanded" them is our final appeal in religious matters. Those things which they bound upon the church, we cannot loosen or change; and we have no right to bind upon any, that which they did not. Then, the promise of Christ's presence is conditional. It is as though he said to the apostles, "You carry out my commission as I have given it to you, and I will be with you always." Had the apostles betrayed that commission, they would have had no claim upon His presence. And so we today should bear in mind that if we would enjoy the blessing of His presence, we must heed His authority.

Saints of God, awake! With loyal hearts, let us go about our task with joy; and hasten the day when the whole earth shall resound with His praises, because their hosts have tasted His redeeming grace!

Maybe I'm Wrong
By J. P. MEDBURY

A LADDER was asked to leave a light club the other evening for acting in an ungentlemanly manner.

Among the illiterate—The confession magazines are making it harder than ever for a woman to keep a secret.

Excuse it Please—Marriage is nothing but an endurance contest. Two people get together and try to see how long they can stand each other.

You're Right—Lament is put up in bottles, but heart-balm comes in check books.

Today's Tightwad—The fellow who says he doesn't mind having the family skeleton in his closet as long as he doesn't have to feed it.

Take It Or Leave It—Lots of open minds should be closed for repairs.

Auto-Suggestion—There are never any traffic jams on the straight and narrow path.

Economical motorists can save their batteries by putting glow worms in the tail light.

Our Own Vaudeville—Last Addict: Thanks for the spirit, good night. 2nd Addict: Don't mention it, pleasant dreams.

Talks on Health
By DR. R. S. COPELAND

NOSEBLEED is of common occurrence, yet it is a condition likely to excite much concern. All sorts of old-fashioned remedies are recommended for stopping it. A "sure cure" is never wanting.

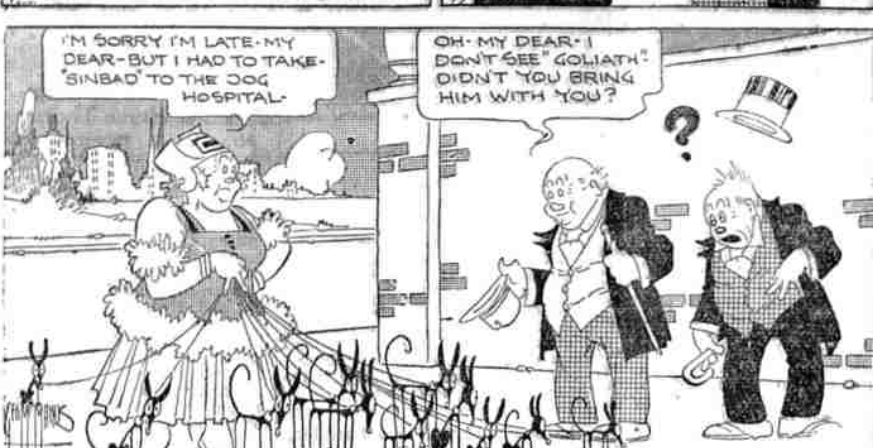
The most foolish method recommended may be followed by the disappearance of the bleeding. The remedy result may occur after many other methods have been tried and the bleeding has continued, even to a fatal issue. The method applied is given credit for what Na-ture did in spite of human effort.

Bleeding at the nose may be caused by several things. In order to treat intelligently, it is quite important to determine the exact cause. Persons who are subject to frequent nosebleeds should not neglect to find out just why they have it. When the cause is found it is usually something that can be removed easily.

A Safety Valve
In persons past forty two years of age, high blood pressure is a common cause for nosebleeds. Where it is definitely known to be due to high blood pressure, such nosebleeds need not cause alarm, because they may even be avoided as an aid in lowering the blood pressure. Such bleeding at the nose is really like opening a safety valve.

Bleeding may occur when the blood pressure is very low. This is, particularly true in debilitated persons, following long illness, perhaps in an anemia or certain fevers. Here the walls of the blood vessels are so relaxed and flabby that there is actual seepage of the

BRINGING UP FATHER



Advice to Girls
By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: We would like to ask your advice. We are girls of 15 and, although we like good times we cannot bring ourselves to drink or smoke as all of our crowd does, and they all call us "flat tires."

We wonder if there are any boys nowadays who like our type of girls.

WONDERING: Perhaps it would be better for you to acquire another group of friends, young people who have the same ideas and ideals as you both have. Very often these extremely popular young people find that what seemed popular when they were very young doesn't make such a bit with more mature people. When a girl is older, plainer, her being, personality are attributes that make worth-while men attracted to her. There is no reason for you not to have good times and loads of fun and yet hold steadfast to what you think is right.

DEAR NANCY LEE: As you have answered so many questions for other girls, I am coming to you with another question.

Is the expression "sleeping out" correct or does it denote a questionable character in the person using it?

One hears that expression so often in referring to going out to parties, shows, etc.

MINNIE MAE.

MINNIE MAE: Like all other expressions and colloquialisms, the term you mentioned depends entirely on the person about whom it is used and the person who is using it. A questionable construction can be placed on almost every expression and so such questions must be left to the individual's sense of the fitness of things.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I have a sister 20 years old who for 14 years has had her mind on a certain man. She goes to entertainments where she knows she will see him. He always brings her home. He takes her out every so often to keep her interested but he never proposes. My idea is that she has chased him around too much and he knows it.

She never goes out with anyone else for fear she'll lose her chance with him. I think she's hopeless. Please give us an answer.

SISTERS: What about you taking matters into your own hands and speaking to your sister. She certainly needs shaking up. Do you know any eligible young men? If so, why not see that she meets one or two of them. Perhaps you could drop a broad hint to her.

He must certainly should know the attitude of your family if the girl is foolish enough to waste her life for him.

about through the walls. Nosebleeds may result from becoming overheated in the sun. It may follow scratching the nose. This is particularly true if there are small sores in the nose.

It is not at all an uncommon symptom if there is a foreign body in the nose. Any injury of this region may cause nasal bleeding. Sneezing and other efforts it is sure to be observed.

Nosebleeds occur in growing children, particularly about the age of puberty. This is more common in the delicate rather than in the strong and robust child.

In certain liver, kidney and heart conditions bleeding from the nose is common. It is sometimes a forerunner of certain fevers, more particularly typhoid fever.

ROSEBURG DISTRIBUTORS
Roseburgers are getting the finest orange blossom honey, richest of all in flavor, at Dad's corner Lane and Shubert St. Pint 35c, quart 70c. Advise.

Mrs. B. A. C. C. C. and Mrs. J. D. Young, of Garden valley, spent yesterday in this city shopping and visiting friends.

So straighten back your shoulders

By Geo. McManus

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

The murder of Baroness von Wiese at Eagle's Nest, Emily Hardy's country home, is discovered by Assistant Police Chief Walter Vance, through a mysterious phone call. Emily's butler denies receiving a note from the Baroness. The shadow of Mary Frost, a guest, is found on the body. Her husband, Ted, was enamored of the Baroness. Mary's statement of returning to Eagle's Nest, alone, for the show at midnight, and seeing it on Laura Allan, is discounted by information that both she and Ted arrived home together at 4 a. m. Laura claims Mary was wearing the chain in the garden. Bim Martin, young newspaper reporter and fiancée of Vance, sees the butler dancing and is puzzled. Later, she learns that the Baroness was Margaret Belle, noted dancer. A pair of slippers is found on the roof and a uniform, similar to the strip of linen discovered near the body, is unearthed in the cellar. Bim notes that the Baroness' maid wears large shoes the girl otherwise petite. Bim discovers the tire tread on Trent's car corresponds with tracks found on an unused road near Eagle's Nest. Millicent Trent spies on her. Bob Trent resents a snub the Baroness had given his wife. Bim is jealous of Ted. She warns Bim against going to Vance for Carey, the New York reporter. While Bim is with Mary, Millicent calls. After she leaves, Ted misses his cigarette lighter. Emily's maid is frightened by strange noises emanating from the Baroness' dressing room. She divulges that Laura was in the garden with Ted the night of the murder. Bim plans to investigate the queer sounds. Bim sees Imogene spying upon Jane and William.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Bim giggled softly. "Walter's not the only one whose jealous. In fact," her thoughts raced on, "there's also Mary and Ted—and probably hosts of others. Funny thing love is, it brings the greatest happiness and the greatest pain. But then everything is sort of funny."

Imogene knocked at the door a bit later and Bim admitted her. The girl's nose was red, as if she had been crying, but her eyes were angry and Bim did not feel really sorry for her. She seemed a capable young woman, quite able to take care of herself.

By leaning from the window of Imogene's room, Bim could see down upon the stone ledge along the top of the window in the dressing room below. The window itself was not visible, since the ledge formed a shelf above the panes; yet any sound in the room would come upward. Accordingly Bim set herself to listen, first making sure that Walter's pistol was safely in her handbag, even though she was sure she would have died rather than use it.

There were, Bim considered as she waited, a certain number of things for her to accomplish at Eagle's Nest. First, of course, was the mystery of the noise in the dressing room to clear up. But also she must find a pair of feet to match the little silver slippers; she must find the magazine from which the page upon which the Baroness had written her note to the unknown had been torn—if that magazine still were in existence. She must try to find the other half of the note itself if that also had not been destroyed. And she must discover who it was that had burned a walet in the laundry stove downstairs.

Already she had made a study of feet and there was none which even conceivably would fit the silver slippers. When they were slim enough they were too long and when they were not too long they were much too wide. Even the feet of the men about the place had come in for her attention, with the result that only those of William had seemed worthy of note. Though not of course because of the silver slippers, William's feet, Bim thought, were the most nearly perfect of any she ever had seen, being all slender contours and springing, graceful movement. But that, of course, would be natural for a dancer.

Nothing, it appeared, was going to happen. Bim looked over the building went out the clock on the Reformed Church down in the village tolled eleven. Bim's eyes were heavy; she nodded.

The noise that awakened her was something between a shuffle and a very gentle tap. She sat up, instantly alert, and, looking through the door, saw that the light had been dimmed but for the faintest possible saturation somewhere—she located it almost at once as coming from the pipe which arose from the floor and went on up to the roof.

Leaning far out of the window, she thought she detected a dim glow along the sill of the window below, but could not be sure about this as the light, if there were any, might have been a reflection from the bulb over the kitchen door or even from the stars.

Then she heard the noise again—a shuffling tap it seemed—now and presently it repeated itself and came regularly in rhythmic sequence.

Bim removed her shoes and stole downstairs. Outside the dressing room door she listened, ear to the keyhole. The sound was less distinct here and the keyhole was covered from the inside so she could not determine if the room were lighted.

With a swift catch of breath, Bim produced a key and fitted it into the lock. She tried to do this without noise, but her hand shook a little and there was a slight click. The door swung back; she stood in the dressing room.

Silence met her—silence and darkness. Groping in half panic, she found the button, pushed on the light. No one was in the room; no one at all. The door to the boudoir stood open, though Bim

they go for a swim she agreed willingly enough. As they descended the steep path to the beach they saw a tall, slender woman emerge from the water and go swinging along with a light step to the bathroom. She dressed quickly, for they had reached the bottom of the hill as she met them and passed the time of day in her pleasant but aloofly dignified way—the way of the maid Jane.

Bim stood looking after her as she climbed the path, plodding flat-footedly up the stones. And as she neared the bathroom she peered at the prints the maid's feet had left on the sand—small, little depressions with five fainter ones at each curved edge.

"She walks on the balls of her feet," Bim remarked in surprise. "Most people do, baby."

"Yes—but look, Carl. No heel marks at all. And I thought she was flat-footed."

"H'm," Carl was not interested, but Bim wondered. A curious thing, this was, that Jane, who wore those slattern, shapeless shoes, should walk so lightly when she was barefooted. Was she one of those persons whose feet were too tender for the pressure of shoes? Or did she work?

But she forgot Jane's feet once she was in the water. She was a better swimmer than Carey, who soon tired. They spent a half hour basking in the sun and finally dressed and climbed up to the drive to find Ted Frost lounging there and watching.

(To Be Continued)

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